

# Life

JUNE 28, 1923



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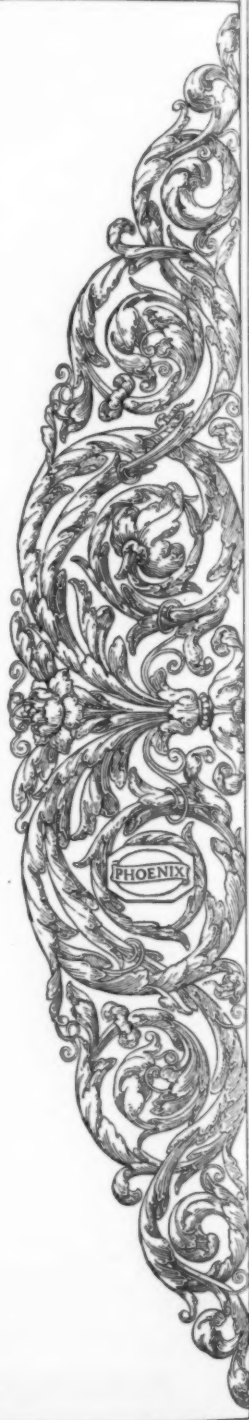

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HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



# Life

## Life Lines

THE price of land along the Canadian Border has increased thirty quarts an acre.

Switzerland has overwhelmingly defeated prohibition in a popular vote—proving that the Lion of Lucerne is no Pussyfooter.

A new map of the heavens has disclosed 300,000,000 visible bodies, or sixteen fewer than the average bathing girl film.

And now comes the report from Paris that lipsticks are being flavored with fruit essences.

The fresh young man asking for a kiss will more than likely get the raspberry.

A chess player recently died during the course of an important match. Of old age, presumably.

Four sisters, of Cincinnati, each of whom is a twin, have all become the mothers of twins, two of them having two sets.

For the proper method of scoring this, see any book on Mah Jongg.

Slogan of the Pung Chow enthusiasts: "You've got to quit kicking Mah Jongg around."

It is announced that the ape-man of the Pliocene Age was about 5 feet 6 inches tall. Rather small for his Age, we should say.

William A. DuPuy, American representative at Geneva, says that Austria is approaching a state of normalcy. That country always seems to be playing in tough luck.

As a sleep producer there is little to choose between Jack Dempsey's right and the average Baccalaureate sermon.

No evil, says the philosopher, is unmixed. How about bootleg hooch?

Calvin Coolidge announces that the world can be saved by co-operation. Co-operation with what?



THE BEST SHOT IN THE EAST TRACKS A MOUNTAIN SHEEP  
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

## Analyzing the Average Man

By Stephen Leacock



I HAVE of late been gathering up facts and statistics in regard to the Average Man. And I don't think much of him.

In appearance the fellow stands five feet eight and a half inches high, with a chest measurement of thirty-six and a half inches. His age is twenty-seven years and two months; his hair is the color of mud, and he has lost one and a half teeth. He has had a certain schooling and has put in six and a half months at a high school. He has never traveled farther than Philadelphia. He lives, I suppose one may properly say, at the centre of population, which is somewhere in Eastern Indiana. But he is moving gradually west, so that in time he will be living in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. I do not regard these as good places to live in—at least, not for a leader of men.

In point of religion the Average Man is a Christian to the extent of ninety per cent., and on being ana-

lyzed further he is one-third a Methodist and is also decimal two a Presbyterian. Among the fellow's leading ideas is a belief, or rather more than half a belief, in Prohibition, but he consumes, it seems, ten gallons of whisky per annum. But it is characteristic of the creature that as soon as he gets half an idea he imposes it on all the rest of us. Therein lies my principal cause of quarrel with him.

I could overlook all the faults and shortcomings of the Average Man, were it not for one fact that the whole tendency of our time is to make him the leader of the nation: to follow the ideas and judgments of this poor five foot eight inch shrimp.

Personally I would rather follow the lead of a man six feet high and broad in proportion. But it seems that by an ingenious system of ballots and votes and the press and the censorship we have got ourselves so disciplined and schooled that this little shrimp walks along first and we all troop in behind and follow him. What

the Average Man dictates we do. We imitate his clothes, we adopt his habits, we assume his ideas. Let any man depart from the ideas of the Average Man and all the others will at him like a pack of wolves and have him down.

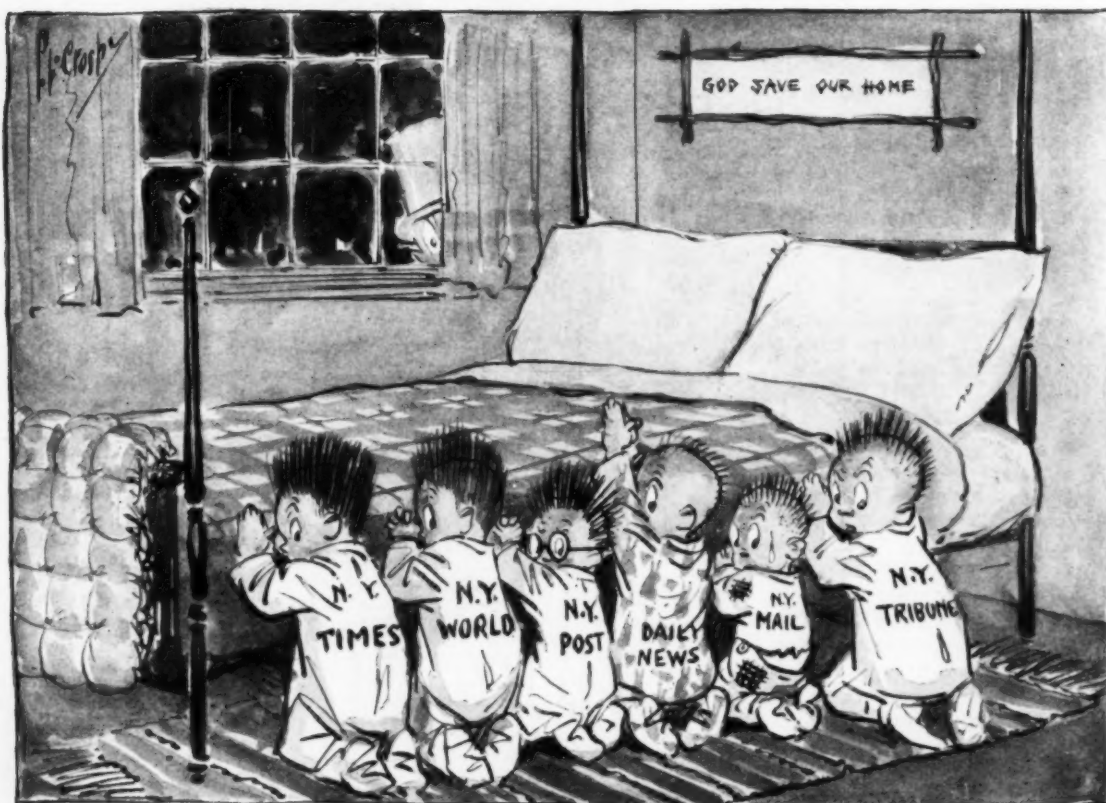
What I would like to do would be to lead a revolt against the dominance of the Average Man. The idea of the revolt would be that somebody should get a mask and a dagger and a bomb and go out and kill him. Only I would prefer not to do the actual assassination. Being only an Average Man myself, I would rather that some other person should undertake that.

And now I think of it, I suppose that is the reason why the Average Man goes on living and dominating.

*Prima Facie*

STRANGER (at gate): Is your mother at home?

YOUNGSTER: Say! Do you suppose I'm mowing this yard because the grass is long?



"AND MR. MUNSEY'LL GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT."

# The RIDE of HENRI LEDOUX

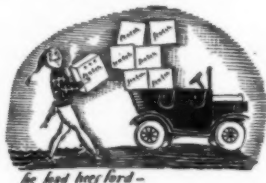
With Due Apologies to W. H. Drummond.

WOOD-CUTS By John Held Jr.

AVE you evair 'ear me tell habout  
Henri of Lac St. Pierre?  
Dat was de boy w'at mak de Scotch,  
Dat was de bootleggaire!

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre  
De win' she's blow lak squall,  
He load hees Ford for all she's wort'  
Weet Scotch for Montreal.

Dees Scotch he 'ave was somet'ing  
fierce,  
I know eet—me who spik,  
He's made from lye, grain alcohol  
And acide carbolique.



he had his Ford—

De night was dark like wan black hat,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
But Henri geeve hees Ford de gun,  
By gar! He's mak' her go!

To Montreal hees almos' dere  
When Henri 'ave de quail;  
He's hear "put-put" along de road,  
De hagents on hees trail!

Henri ees brave, I tell you those,  
But hicc-cold run hees blood,  
De Ford she's cough, slow down  
and stop,  
She's stuck right een de mud.



de hagents on hees trail.

Henri he curse, he cry "Mon Dieu,  
Now ees theese not cocasse!  
The hagents goin' to peench me  
sure,  
De Ford she's hout of gas!"

"Put-put, put-put," he's mak prière;  
So near as half a mile,  
And nearer yet dey come, and den  
Henri was start to smile.

"By gar!" he say, "mebbe she'll do!"  
Hees jambe he's geeve a spank,  
Den queek he hopen hup some  
Scotch  
And pour heem een de tank.



dat pour heem een de tank.

Weet wan beeg roar de Ford she's  
hoff,  
De hagents hall cry "Stop!"  
But Henri cry, "I stop, jamais  
I drive on 'til I drop!"



he's go like hal,—

He's go like hal, like canon ball,  
Like from champagne de cork;  
Was pass along t'rough Montreal,  
Han' drive right to New-York.

So now Henri was wan reech man,  
Who leeve just like a Lord,  
Because he find hees recipe  
Ees better yet for Ford.



so now Henri ey was reech man.

De Standard Hoil dey buy hees stuff,  
Heet ees witheen de law;  
To dose probishun hagents, yas,  
He's giving loud haw-haw.

## Moral

Now hall you petits bootleggaire  
Dat weesh for Henri's class,  
Be sure you mak' de home-made  
Scotch  
Wat's good sometam' for gas.

Henry William Hanemann



### Byng!

AWAKE, Ontario, and sing  
Of Governor-General Julian Byng!  
From East to West on Flying Pinion  
Through all the Glorious Dominion  
With Trumpet Note shall Fame proclaim  
His Valiantly Explosive Name!  
On Turkish, French and Flemish Borders  
He gathered Quarts of Stars and Orders  
And even Parliament said, "Thanks!"  
Because of What he Did with Tanks.  
While bravely cleaving Belgium's Fetters  
He won so many Extra Letters—  
Like M. V. O., K. C. M. G.,  
And K. C. B. and LL. D.—  
That when at Fête or Public Function  
He's introduced with Proper Uncion,  
To give his Rank and Titles, net,  
They just recite the Alphabet!

Arthur Guiterman.

### Summers

SUMMERS that seem to last only a day...summers that linger on and on...summers that alter our entire lives...summers that never vary...summers that begin in late August...summers that end in early July...summers that can never be forgotten...summers that completely slip our minds...summers that can never be repeated...summers spent in bridge playing, in foxtrotting, in cocktail drinking, in dining out, in love making...idle summers...hectic summers, dreamy summers, wasted summers...summers in a bathing suit...summers in suburbia...summers in the heart of a great city.

### Historic Canada

**QUEBEC**—Picturesque old town. Famous for quaint American tobogganers, skaters, honeymooners, etc. (Rediscovered, 1919.)

**Montreal**—Home of S. Leacock, great American humorist. On direct route from New York to Boston.

**Canadian Northwest**—Entirely suitable for movie scenario backgrounds; home of men (old style), M. P.'s., and others.

**Hudson Bay Co.**—See "Are Animals Getting a Square Deal?"

**Factor**—Important element in Canadian development.

**B. C.**—Pseud.; slogan: "Better Come." *Obs.*

**Canadian Rockies**—Native heath of American tourist\* and mountain goat. (European papers please copy.)

**Big Fish**—See vacation pamphlets.

**Big Time**—Cf. "The American in Canada," by T. Ronto. Vol. 1, p. 69.

**Big Mistake**—Made by him who wasn't posted on the above.

**Niagara Falls**—Best view from the Canadian side. Scene of first liquor trouble (smuggling, y'know, and things like that).

**International Border**—Scene of later (similar) activities.

\*Cf. Canada Goose.

THE presidential candidates have started roaring. But you should never judge presidential timber by its bark.



**Italian Grocer:** DA BESTA ANTIPASTO—NO LEAVE HIM IN DA CAN AFTER HE'S OPEN—HE MAK A DA POIS' AN' WE NO LIKA LOSE A NICEA CUSTOMER.





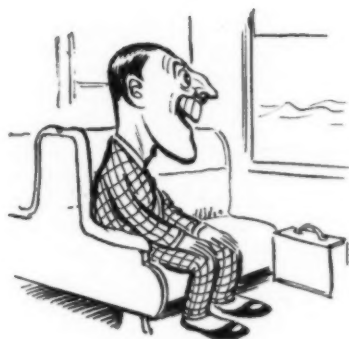
ONE HUNDRED MILES



FIVE HUNDRED MILES



ONE THOUSAND MILES



TEN THOUSAND MILES



ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES



FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES



ONE MILLION MILES



TWENTY MILLION MILES



FIVE HUNDRED BILLION MILES.

SEEING CANADA  
THE ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW



"DID YOU LOOK AT A WASHING MACHINE TO-DAY?"

"NO, DEAR; YOU SEE WE HADN'T TIME. FIRST WE LOOKED AT EARRINGS, AND THEN AT BEADED BAGS, AND THEN I BOUGHT A NEGLIGEE."

### Concerning Guides

IN Europe, guides show you one cathedral after another. In Canada, they show you lakes where the fishing was fine—last week.

In Europe, your guide rides in the front of the car and carries the burden of the conversation. In Canada, he just steers from the rear seat and lets you paddle the canoe.

But abroad, the guides are not willing to admit that you know anything about anything. Up north, they will

politely allow you to assume that it was your shot which brought down the moose.

And on the other side of the pond, your guide, in addition to his service charge, demands *pourboire*, while across the border, he sympathetically asks no more than his wage.

FRIENDLY relations between Canada and the United States have become almost maudlin.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

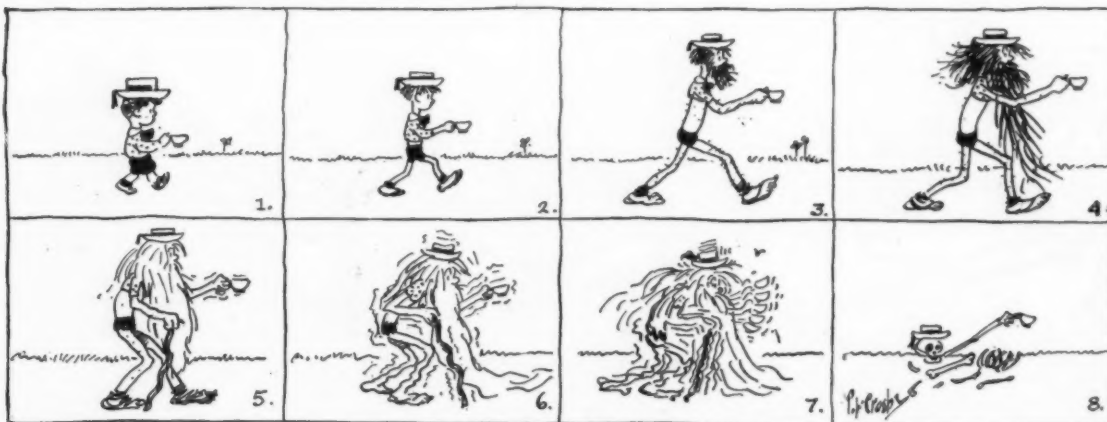
June 22nd Three Commencement invitations by the morning post, reminding me

that I remember almost naught of what I learned in school. I do know that Cæsar crossed the Rubicon in 49 B. C., but Lord! I could not, for the life of me, tell why. Whenever I cast up strict account, isolated facts pop into my head, such as Leigh Hunt's having been thrown into prison for debt, and what verbs take the dative. But such items are not, thank God, the true flower of education, the beauty of which it would be difficult to expound....To my sempstress with my blue faille, enjoining her to copy it faithfully. That I can get for fifty dollars a reproduction of something for which I laid out two hundred and fifty, is, methinks, a fair illustration of the difference between art and skilled labor....Enid Churchill and Billy to dinner, and we had partridge, very fine, and Billy and Sam fell into a great dispute over the distinctions among the nature and habits of grouse, partridge and quail, till I was distraught with them, Sam having dragged the encyclopædias to the table to support his contention. The next time I shall have the wit to order roast beef.

June 23rd Lay late, reproaching myself for not rising and going to gymnasium,

where I derive so great physical profit. Shamed, too, to realize the true cause of my defection, which is that strenuous exercise removes all the

(Continued on page 32)



IN THE GREAT CANADIAN OPEN SPACES

WILLIE IS SENT TO THE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR TO BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR.



*Prehistoric Mother:* THAT INELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN IS NOT TO CALL UPON YOU AGAIN! I DON'T FANCY HIM. HE'S NOT YET FULLY EVOLUTED.

### Overheard at the Moron Club

"ISNT it awful, the way these labor people are putting up wages? Just think of house painters getting twelve dollars a day! There ought to be a law that would reach those fellows.

"And the bricklayers, too. Think of it! Fourteen dollars a day, just for putting one brick on top of another. Anybody could do that!"

"Things are looking up in the real estate line. I've just rented one of the shops in my building for \$25,000 a year. That's \$10,000 more than I was getting."

"Common laborers asking five dollars a day! What's the country coming to?"

"Sold my old walk-up flat building for \$85,000 yesterday. Guess the new owner will have to jack up rents twenty-five per cent. if he expects to make it pay."

"Congress ought to do something about the high cost of living. It's getting worse every month."

"It's this high surtax on incomes that is making all the trouble. I made only 27 per cent. out of my factory

last year, and I've got to mark up prices or I won't make that much on this year's business."

"As you say, what's this country coming to?"

THE Ku Klux Klan really ceased to be a secret organization when it admitted ladies to membership.

### Marco Bozzaris, 1923

*Song of a Walking Delegate  
(With Apologies)*

STRIKE! for the profits are yours entire;  
Strike! for your hour-a-day desire;  
Strike! (after that I can retire,  
God will take care of you).



"WHAT IS IT MAKES A GOOD FISHERMAN, CHARLEY?"  
"WELL'M, I GUESS YE GOT TO KNOW A LEETLE MORE THAN THE FISH."



### Sit Down! Stand Up!

I HAVE been eating three or four times as much bread since somebody started to advertise "Eat More Bread." Bread and raisins. (Somebody else is advising me to eat lots of raisins. It increases the zinc or copper in your system. No, I am getting the raisin campaign mixed up with the Zinc Association advertising. I believe it is lead that you get from raisins.)

But I have come to the conclusion that I am going to have a funny diet and a funny existence if I take all the advice that I am getting in the advertisements. "Ride on Trains," says one great series of advertisements. The railroads must be behind that, although, for all I can tell, it may be the plush manufacturers. They may have it figured out that if more people ride on trains, these people will wear out more plush in seats in railroad coaches, and the railroads will have to buy more plush.

But I get a conflicting urge from that other great series of advertisements which tells me to "Stay at Home More," and which pictures so passionately the comforts of home. I had my grip all packed the other day to ride on a train (just anywhere, so it was on a train), when I happened to read one of those stay-at-home ads, and I

immediately unpacked my things and put on my house slippers and—I have it! It is the House-Slipper Manufacturers' Association that is running those stay-at-home ads!

If I eat more pie as the National Guild of Pie Craftsmen advocates, and more spaghetti as the North American Alliance of Spaghetti Weavers desires, and more beans as the Bean Growers insist, and more ice cream as the Ice-Cream Freezer Cog-Wheel Founders' Association admonishes, and more bananas as the Canadian Banana Growers recommend, and more asparagus as the International Asparagussers counsel, I think I'll be in a position to take the advice of that latest campaign on which I have seen advance proofs: "Use More Coffins."

The source of some of this indirect and abstract urging is so mystical and far-fetched as to be almost irritating. I thought it was the candy manufacturers who were telling me to "Eat More Caramels," and discovered a tiny signature at the bottom which indicated a state dental association as the author of the series.

And the thing that has come nearest to bewildering me beyond recovery has been to read, during the same day, an advertisement by the Trouser Manufacturers beseeching me to "Sit Down More," and another advertisement by the Shoe Sole Association of New England convincing me that I should "Stand Up More."

Don Herold.

### Very Transparent

I SAW a manly arm about her waist,  
His lips to my love's lips were pressed;  
In tenderest confidence she let her head  
Upon his massive shoulder rest.

His fingers through her lovely tresses strayed,  
But still it somehow came to pass  
I was not jealous—for we stood alone  
Before the looking-glass!



AN IRON POLICEMAN

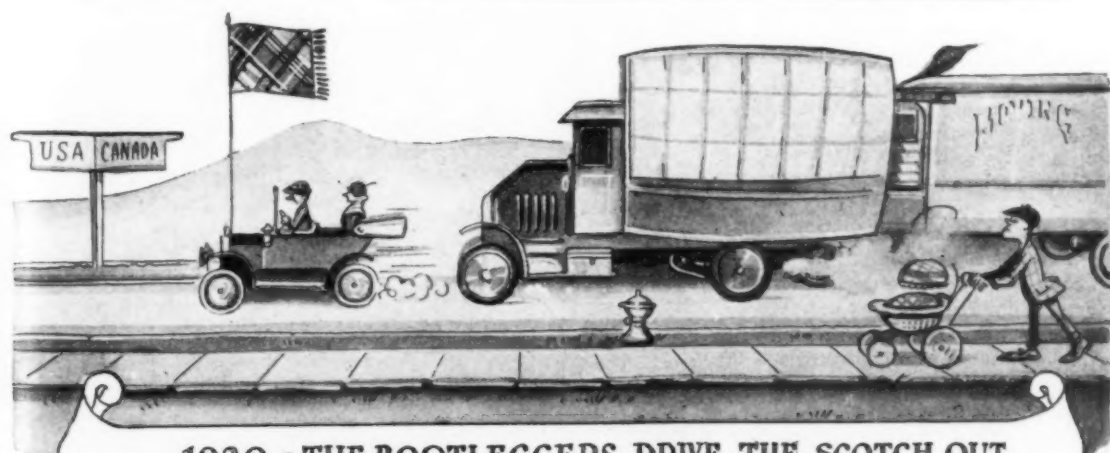




1650 - THE FRENCH DRIVE THE INDIANS OUT



1750 - THE ENGLISH DRIVE THE FRENCH OUT



1920 - THE BOOTLEGGERS DRIVE THE SCOTCH OUT

AN OUTLINE OF CANADIAN HISTORY



## A Little Story of Well-Doing

A WEALTHY gentleman coming through the Grand Central Terminal one morning some years ago was attracted by a considerable crowd and excitement near one of the gates leading to a train about to leave for Western Connecticut towns. The crowd was made up mostly of children, about two hundred of them, running from five- to twelve-year-olds. There was a sprinkling of what were evidently mothers, teachers and settlement workers. The children were poorly dressed but scrubbed faces and slicked hair showed that effort had been made at least in tidiness. One man and his assistants were busy getting them in line to go through the gate and incidentally to pass a hasty final inspection by a young man evidently a doctor.

The gentleman was sufficiently interested to make inquiries and learned that this was one of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund parties starting off for a fortnight's stay at the Branchville Fresh Air Farm. Although he was a man of big affairs he made further inquiries and became satisfied that he could help the work by giving the Fund another farm. Whenever he tried to buy one he found that the seller, learning of his identity and wealth, immediately boosted the price to prohibitive figures. Being also a very busy man he put off the purchase from time to time until it was too late—death claimed him before he had carried out his intention.

But this gentleman left behind him a son who had become interested in what his father had meant to do. He refuses to let LIFE make known his identity but there is one fact which can no longer be kept a secret.

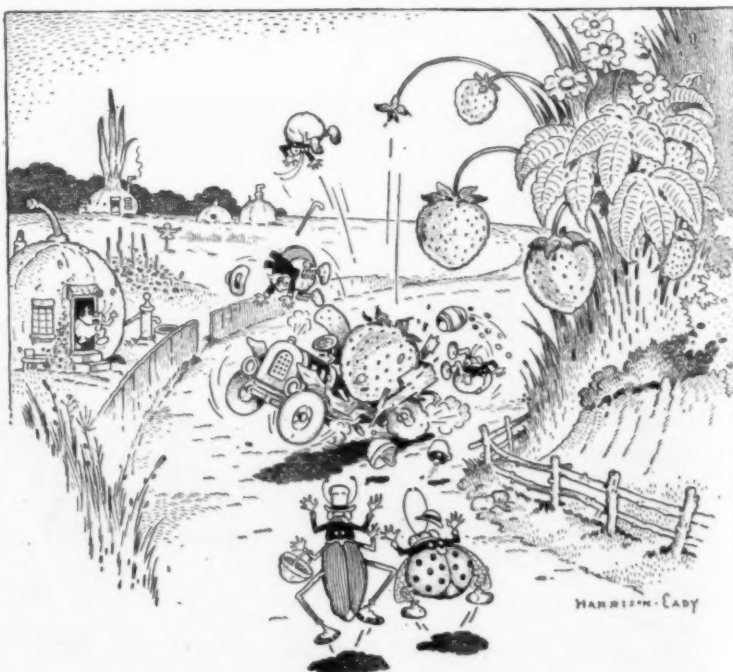
*About July first LIFE's Fresh Air Fund will through his generosity, aided by that of previous contributors to the Fund, open a completely equipped additional Farm which will enable us to take care of two hundred and fifty more children every two weeks.*

THE new Farm is about 110 acres in extent and is located up in the Somerset hills near Gladstone, N. J. New buildings have been constructed consisting of a stone and brick dormitory, a combined mess-hall and kitchen, a play pavilion for stormy weather, a bath-house and a sanitary building. In addition a farm-house on the place has been completely remodeled for the superintendent's quarters. There is an electric and refrigerating equipment and a bountiful supply of pure water. Best of all for child enjoyment, there is a stream deep enough for wading and small swimming but too shallow for drowning. There are no automobile highways, but meadows and trees and wild flowers and plenty of room for all sorts of games. And there are no policemen.

The gentleman who insists on remaining anonymous has deeded the land to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund and paid for a large part of the buildings. The remainder of the cost and the equipment of furniture, bedding, dishes, etc., will be defrayed from the reserve which LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has been accumulating against just such a contingency. None of it is taken from the trustee's Fresh Air Endowments. The financial details will be shown in the annual statement of this year's transactions.

NOW comes a most important detail. To take care of all these additional children means a largely increased expenditure—roughly, ten dollars a child. LIFE has never been disappointed in the generosity of its readers. They have given fresh air outings to more than forty thousand poor children. Still fresh in memory is their magnificent contribution to the care of the French Orphans of the War. They have established more than two-hundred and fifty Fresh Air Endowments, each of which gives in perpetuity a fortnight's summer outing to a poor city child. In view of these things LIFE feels no anxiety about the future of the new Farm. Just the same, now is the time for every reader to do his or her duty. Make your choice—\$200 for a Fresh Air Endowment to which you may give a name—\$10 to send one child for a fortnight—or any sum you like for fractions or multiples of a child. Checks, if you please, to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Further interesting (and valuable) information will be found on page 29.



### ON THE BUGVILLE TURNPIKE

Mr. Bug (indignantly): WHOOP! THERE'LL HAVE TO BE SOMETHING DONE ABOUT THIS AUTO SPEEDWAY. THAT'S THE SEVENTH BUZZ WAGON THAT'S BEEN PUT OUT OF COMMISSION BY FALLING STRAWBERRIES THIS MORNING.

## Recollections of a Recent London Week-end

THE sugar dolls at the Grafton Galleries...Harry Tate's mustache...the colored handkerchiefs in Turnbull and Asser's...the colossal cheese in the window of Wall's in Jermyn Street...the old print shop in Pantons Street...the herring roe sandwiches and Roederer '11 at the Cavendish Hotel...the second-hand book shops in the Charing Cross Road...the scene from "Round in Fifty" at the Hippodrome, depicting California with a backdrop of the Suwannee River...the brass knocker on a door in Grosvenor Mews...the gray silk ties at Lord's in the Burlington Arcade...the band at Murray's that played "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee"...Miss Beatrice Lillie's rendition of "Suzannah's Squeaking Shoes" at the Nine O'Clock Revue...the brunette bar-maid at the Pavilion...the orchestra in the Berkeley Grill...the cocktails at the Café Royal...the jam tarts in the little restaurant around the corner from the Comedy Theatre...the roast golden plover at Bellomo's...the search for a taxi at Knightsbridge at three o'clock in the morning...the coat-room bar at the Embassy Club...the six-shilling table d'hôte at Les Lauriers...the old man who sold violets in Ludgate Circus...the cable from home announcing the arrest of my bootlegger.

THE most exciting game the year round is charging up things we can't afford to have, and putting off things we can't afford to do without.



*Canadian Host:* HAVE ANOTHER DRINK?

*American Guest:* NO—, I CAN'T GET ANY KICK OUT OF IT UP HERE, IT'S TOO DAMNED LEGAL.



*Billy:* KITTY, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A WIDOW AND A WIDOWER?

*Kitty:* A WIDOWER HAS HAD MORE HUSBANDS,





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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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ONE of the interesting things that came to notice in the Great War was the strong family likeness between the Americans of the United States and the British Colonials. They are more alike in habits, disposition and attitude of mind than any other peoples in the world. Of course they all speak English, and the civilizations that the Colonials represent and the apparatus of government that they live under are derived as ours is, from British experience. There is a larger proportion of people not of British stock in the United States than in any of the Dominions, unless it may be South Africa, but still the British ingredient in the United States is the majority of the population, and has pretty well shaped our habits of thinking and behavior. When we used to see the Anzac soldiers wandering up and down Fifth Avenue with the brims of their soft hats caught up at the side, they did not look foreign. Indeed they looked more American than most of the residents of New York.

The nearest to us of all the British colonials are the Canadians. The wonder is that they haven't joined the Union. There was a time when it seemed that they might do so, but that looks less likely nowadays. Canada's action in the war tied her closer to Great Britain than she was before, but at the same time it increased the disposition of the Dominion to manage its own affairs, and increased in Great Britain the disposition to consent to it. Lately the Canadian Government was inclined to send to Washington a Minister of its own, but put off doing so at the request of the British Government until the Im-

perial British Conference has been held in London next October. Meanwhile important questions between the United States and Canada are settled directly, and no longer through Downing Street. Discussion of such a question is proceeding at this writing in Washington between Canadian officials and the State Department; a matter relating to Canadian securities impounded by the American Alien Property Custodian during the war.



THE growth of the self-governing British Dominions in the world is very reassuring to thoughtful observers in the United States. All these dominions are nurseries of democracy of the sort that the people of the United States understand and believe in, and believe to be helpful to the world. Meanwhile the boundary between Canada and the United States is not very much more than a line on the map. Men cross it back and forth with very little sense of swapping loyalties. Many remarkable people have come into the United States from Canada and given their lives to the development of this country and the solution of its problems. It has happened the other way about too, but not so much, because opportunities have been bigger here and more attractive.

There are doubtless those who still think that the American flag in the course of time will wave over the whole North American Continent, but there is no longer any haste to make it so wave. All the sane part of the world has been pretty well broken of the idea of a profit in acquiring countries whose people do not want to be acquired, and may come in time to feel that even the acquisition of mon-

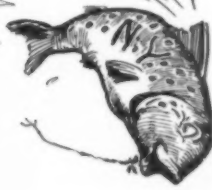
ey from members of the human family who can't spare it, is not really profitable. All we want of Canada in these times is good relations and trade to the mutual advantage of both countries. That we are pretty sure to get. We have it in great measure already and may get it more fully when Canada manages her own foreign relations.



MR. H. G. WELLS in a new novel in which he imagines a new Utopia, calls these times on Earth The Age of Confusion. That is a good name for them, the great point being that so many people recognize our age as what he says it is. It is an age of confusion, of disturbance, when most people know better and cannot yet make their knowledge work out. The combat between old ideas and new ones drubs along from day to day. We see it everywhere, in the Ruhr, in the government of this City of New York, in the strike of the bricklayers, in the discussion of the 12-hour day in steel mills, in the daily record of misbehavior in the newspapers, in the fight about rum, and the contentions of the clergy. There is a new age struggling to be born and we are all more or less in travail over it. Taxes are high; the price of living is high, and wages are high, which is just a part of the process. All these labor pains are irksome, but after a while we may get a better world and possibly our children will think it was worth the effort. The trouble now is not so much that men are unduly stupid or unduly selfish, but that they are tied up to ideas that have become obsolete and from which it is a devil of a job to break away.

E. S. Martin.

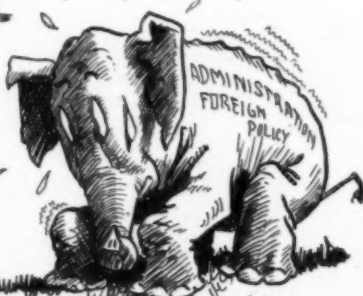




THE BIG ONE THAT GOT AWAY



STILL STINGING



"BACK UP!"



"BACK DOWN!"



*Mars:* Three thousand miles of frontier and not a man or



ot a gun or a fort! What's the matter with these people?



## More Goethiana

By Robert C. Benchley

LOVERS of Goethe will rejoice in the recently discovered series of letters which have been added to the world's collection of Goethiana by Dr. Heimsatz Au of Leipzig.

Dr. Au had spent fifteen years searching through bureau-drawers and things for these missing links in the chain of the poet's love-life, and was at last rewarded by finding them in the pocket of an old rain coat belonging to Hugo Kranz. Goethe had evidently given them to Kranz to mail, and the lovable old fellow had completely forgotten them. So the letters were never received by the people to whom they were addressed, which accounts for several queer things that happened subsequently, among them the sudden birth of a daughter in the family of Walter Tierney.

We must remember that at the time these letters were written, Goethe was in delicate health and had seriously contemplated suicide. At least, that was what he said. More likely he was just fooling, as there is no record that he ever succeeded. At any rate, not the Goethe of whom we are speaking.

There was a George Goethe who committed suicide in Paris in 1886, but it is doubtful if he was the poet.

The first of the Au collection of letters was written on August 11, 1760, four days after Goethe had returned from having his tonsils out. It was addressed to Leopold Katz, his old room-mate in the Kindergarten. "...I have never been so sore at anyone in my life," writes Goethe, "as I was at Martha last Friday."

In closing Goethe promised to send Katz the flowered slippers he had promised him and bade him be "a good boy (*ein gutes Kind*)."

On November 26 he wrote to the Gebrüder Feigenspan, Importers of Fine Mechanical Toys, 1364 Ludwigstrasse, München:

"Gentlemen. . . . On September 12, I sent you a letter, together with fifteen cents in stamps, requesting that you send me for inspection one of your wheeled ducks as per your advertisement. Our Herr Rothapfel informs me that the shipment has never reached us. It is not the money that I object to, as fifteen cents in stamps is

only fifteen cents in stamps, no matter how you should look at it, but it strikes me as very funny that a firm of your standing should be so sloppy in its business transactions. Please oblige."

That is all. Not a word of his heart-aches. Not a word of his emotional crises. Not a word of Elsa von Bahnhoff. In fact, not a word about anything but the wheeled duck. No wonder that, in January, we find him writing piteously to Lena Lewis, his teacher:

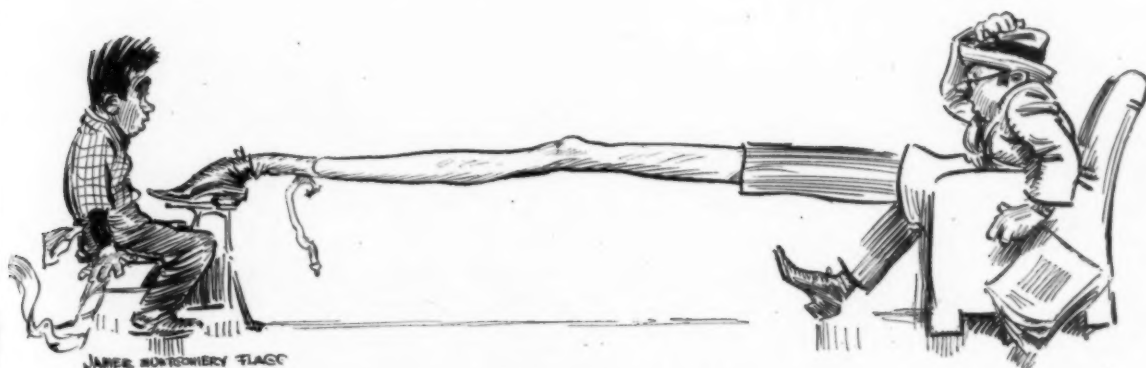
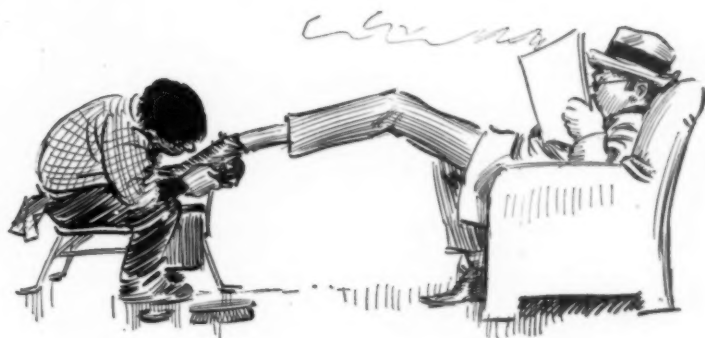
"...Well, Lena, this is a fine sort of a day I must say. Rain, rain, rain, is about all it seems to know how to do in this dump. And the food. Say! The worst you ever see (*sehen*)."

Thus we are able to piece together those years of Goethe's life when he was in a formative frame of mind and facing his first big problems. In the light of these letters several of the passages in "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*" which have hitherto been clouded in mystery may now be read with a clearer understanding. We can not thank Dr. Au too much—if at all.



"Y'KNOW—I LIKE THIS, GERALDINE. BY GRACIOUS! I BELIEVE THERE'S A STREAK OF THE WILD BEAST IN ME!"





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A DREAM OF THE SLIDING FOOT REST



TAXI!



"OH, JUST HOLD THAT A MINUTE, PLEASE."

INCIDENTALLY HE OCCASIONALLY GETS MORE THAN HIS MAN.



CREE INDIANS.



THOSE STUNNING SOUVENIRS FROM THE ROCKIES,



THE OLD WEAPON AGAIN.



COCK O' THE WALK.

## My Husband Says



HAT Thackeray certainly immortalized Becky Sharp and Bouillabaisse.

And he says that every man who wears a low collar, and eats with his pen, wants to try that famous stew, once.

It's on the menu at Le Vieux Fromage, a little café in town where we sometimes dine.

But the waiter says it doesn't pay to serve less than ten orders at once; and you have to order a week in advance, because it takes so long to collect the things that are in it. And he says it is hard to find ten men sitting in a row who know what Bouillabaisse is.

And it would be harder to get them to eat it if they did. So he says there is really very little call for it.

But one night when we were in Marseilles, my husband said he was filled with the spirit of adventure, only. And he was hungry. So we motored to a fascinating pink café, set high on a lovely cream-colored ledge, overlooking the beautiful blue Mediterranean.

On the way out he quoted a lot from Thackeray, because he wished to be in the proper frame of mind to commemorate him with a dish of Bouillabaisse.

He said he would order with the utmost *sang-froid*. (He used a lot of words like that when we were away.)

He put slices of bread in the green bowl, and poured thin tomato soup over them. When the slices of bread floated, I thought they looked like great, pale rafts.

But when he put the other things in, they sank again.

When he raised the cover of the yellow bowl, where the Bouillabaisse was, I turned away and looked out on the Mediterranean, and I thought it was perfectly stunning. There were pieces of finnan haddie, and garlic, and fresh haddock and lovely sprays of herbs, and the cutest little strips of smoked herring, and lobster, and everything. It was tinted in the most heavenly shade with saffron, and garnished with two red peppers, and the shell of the lobster, which wasn't as red as the ones at home.

My husband said he thought it was in mourning for something. But he said it was a wonderful stew, and they served a very generous order. He said the green bowl looked as large as the blue Mediterranean.

He was awfully pale after dinner, and swore enthusiastically at the taxi man, who seemed ever so pleased.

I was glad he was, because I think the French are so apt to think Americans are cold.

I wanted to make some for him after we came home, but he said: "My God! Have you ceased to love me?"

And I thought maybe he didn't care to have me try.

So I didn't.

L. Blanche Simpson.

## Now for a Hirshfield Edition

COMMISSIONER HIRSHFIELD of New York states that all standard text books on American history are poisoned with pro-British propaganda, and urges that they be rewritten.

They're a tricky race, those English. We should never have permitted them to settle this country in the first place.



Editor: WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT THE PEOPLE IN THE COSTUME OF 1840?

Artist: WHAT FOR?

Editor: THAT'S ABOUT THE TIME THIS JOKE CAME OUT FIRST.

## The Frozen North

ARCTIC exploration has always had a most tremendous hold on my imagination. I've read all the books, even Dr. Cook's. Perhaps I'm distantly related to Calvin Coolidge. Perhaps in the dim past one of my ancestors was an iceman. Whatever it may be, it happened that one day when I was walking up Sixth Avenue I noticed a sign in front of a fur shop which read:

LEBEL & MOSKOWITZ  
THE HUDSON BAY TRAPPERS

"Think of it," I said to myself. "Here, in the heart of a great, throbbing city,

are two intrepid souls who, in the hazardous pursuit of their calling, have battled with the elements in the Land of Eternal Ice!

"Death has doubtless reached out his bony hand to clutch them a dozen times but with stout hearts and a small piece of reindeer meat they have urged their tired dogs on and on through the storm until at last, numb and famished, they beheld the welcome sight of the Post. I will go in and talk with them."

Putting my hand to the door I entered.

"I should like to see Mr. Lebel."

I said as a man arose from behind the counter. He was a fat, near-sighted man about fifty years of age, and he wore a black skull-cap.

"Mr. Lebel is outd," he responded. "Von't I do?—I'm Mr. Moskowitz."

"Mr. Moskowitz," I cried, grasping his hand, "you will do. I've come in hoping you would tell me something of the Arctic and your experiences there."

"De Ar'tic?" responded Mr. Moskowitz. "I doan know nothin' about de Ar'tic."

"But," I cried, dismayed, "your sign—what about that? You are a trapper, aren't you?"

"Me—a trepper! I esk you!" and Mr. Moskowitz's shoulders went up. "Nu, I am a fur dealer. I neffer seen a trep."

"And you've never been in the Frozen North?" I asked.

"We had a rotten winter in the Bronx—I neffer seen so much snow," he replied.

"Perhaps then—Mr. Lebel—"

"Lebel? Belief me, Lebel doan know practically nothin' except the book-keeping. Me, I know the fur business."

My dream of romance had dissolved away into nothingness. I turned toward the door.

Mr. Moskowitz's hand was on my arm. "Say," he wheedled, "doan you wanna nice coon coat?"

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I've been reading these South Seas books recently. They're great.

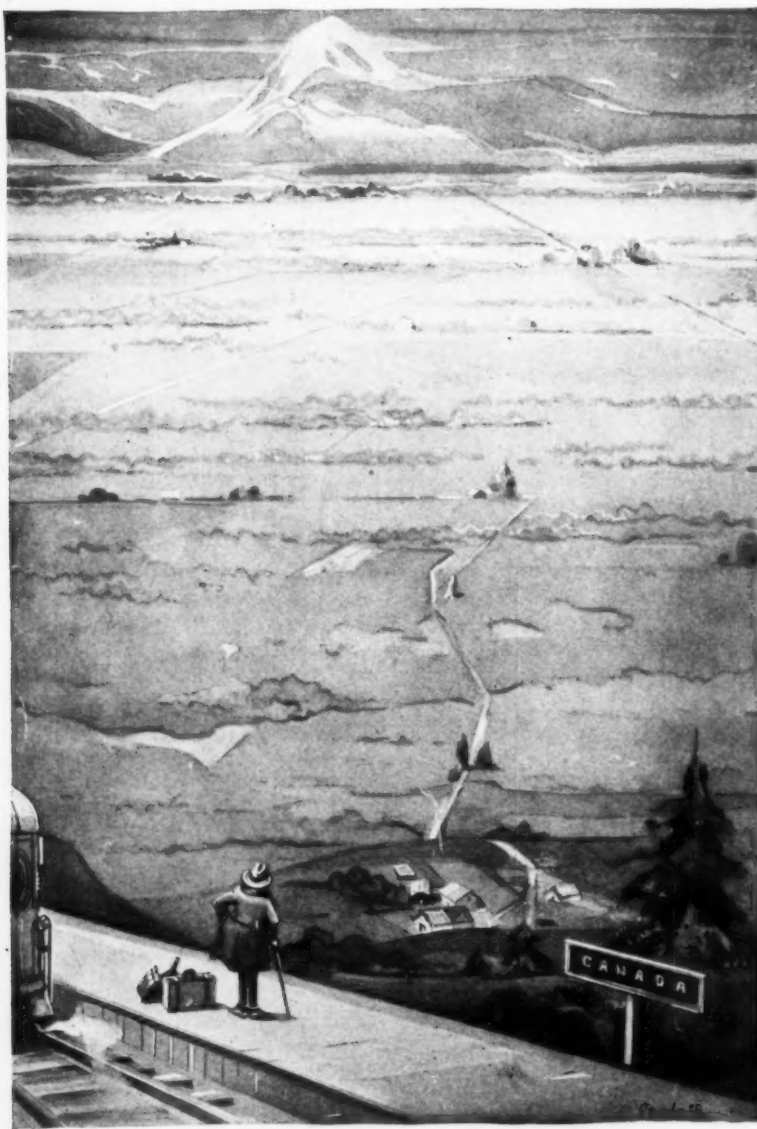
Rollin Kirby.

## By Their Dogs Ye Shall Know Them

THE Prohibitionist: Water spaniel.  
The Bootlegger: Scotch terrier.  
The Aviator: Skye.  
The Flapper: Peekin' knees.  
The Bowler: Poodle.  
The Trout Fisherman: Whippet.  
The Politician: Bull.  
The Longshoreman: Docks hound.  
The Radio Fan: Airedale.  
The Prizefighter: Pug.

## Lassitude

I SHOULD like to be a fly,  
To crawl up my window pane,  
And, perhaps, before I die,  
To crawl slowly down again.



British Sportsman: I SAY, WHAT A RIPPING PLACE FOR A TENNIS-COURT!



### Song of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police

(Sung to a Clear, Cold Mountain Air.)

WHEN the Injin's not engaged in 'is employment,

Of composing 'is Injinious little plans,

Our capacity for innocent enjoyment,  
Surpasses almost any other man's.  
Our feelings we with difficulty smother,

When constabulary duty's to be done,

But take one consideration with another,

A Royal Mounted job is rather fun,

When the movie man 'as finished with 'is cranking,

And we've rescued of the 'eroine in time,

The artists line us up in poses swanking,

For to draw red-blooded 'e-men in their prime.

Then the author boys (who love us like a mother)

And the poets, sing our praises on the run.

Ah, take one consideration with another,

A Royal Mounted job is rather fun!

A. C. M. Asoy, Jr.

### Some Other Longest Days

THE day the telephone company told you it would send a man around to install a telephone in your new apartment the first thing in the morning.

The day before the Volstead Act repealer goes into effect.

The day the office clock stopped.

The day you volunteered to help make sandwiches for the Sunday school picnic.

(Children's list.)

The last day of school.

The day before the night before Christmas.



THE PENITENT

Judge: YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! MARRIED ONLY A YEAR AND BEAT YOUR WIFE!

Defendant: JUDGE, I REALIZE NOW IT'S WRONG TO START SO SOON.

### Wandering Thoughts

THE phrase had barely escaped my lips when a thousand fancies struck me. I began to dwell upon the marble quarries of Carrara, situated on the side of the purple Apennines, and the little cemetery in the near-by village of Leghorn; upon the sagas or Scandinavian myths of the twelfth century woven about Lodbrok, Valkina, Blomstrurvala, Olaf Tryggva-Sonar and Voluspa; upon Raphael's painting of St. Cecilia that hangs in the Academy of Fine Arts in Bologna; upon the nefarious drowning devices established by Jean Baptiste Carrier of Nantes and the so-called "Republican Marriages"; upon the auburn hair of the barmaid at the Saracen's Head at Glastonbury; upon the statues of Mars and Neptune on the Giant's Staircase in the Doge's

Palace in Venice; upon the strain of "Hello, My Rag-Time Gal" from the first hand-organ I ever heard, in East Nineteenth Street; upon the poetic movement of the Della Crusicans; upon the continental accent of the headwaiter at the Restaurant Con Terraza Los Dos Hermanos in Havana; upon the Assyrian collections in the Kouyunjik Gallery of the British Museum; upon carrier pigeons, the Grand Prix, iced coffee, the Medici, poker dice, Corinthian capitals, belladonna, the binomial theorem, deep-sea fishing, the Eighteenth Amendment, Positivism, Swiss cheese, the Ostrogoths, succotash and Atlantic City.

\*\*\*

"Say it again," she said.

"I love you," I answered.

Charles G. Shaw.



LITTER-ALLY SPEAKING

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## A Voice in the Wilderness

THREE weeks ago, the Authors' League of America conducted its first International Congress on Motion Picture Arts. The meetings were attended by a substantial number of novelists, poets, dramatists, painters, sculptors, educators—and so forth.

The bills for the event were paid by Mr. Adolph Zukor and Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, of the Paramount Pictures Corporation.

The object, as outlined by Mr. Zukor, Mr. Will H. Hays and other speakers, was to promote a greater degree of co-operation between movie producers and authors.

Unfortunately, the conference accomplished nothing of the kind. It merely served to demonstrate further the self-evident fact that such co-operation, under present conditions, is utterly impossible.

AMONG the points that were raised by various speakers at the conference were these:

"When a producer buys the screen rights to a short story, novel or play, he doesn't buy anything more than the advertising value connected with the title of that work."

"In the mind of the average film producer, the story counts for nothing as compared with the personality of the star, the director and the potency of the box-office appeal."

"A motion picture is a mass of mechanical parts, assembled just as a Ford car is assembled. And when finished, it looks just like a Ford."

"No self-respecting author is going to write for an audience that represents, on an average, the intelligence of an eight-year-old child."

"Until the motion pictures come to us as a creative art,

they won't get the best out of any author in America."

IN spite of which, I feel safe in assuming that authors will continue to get what they can for the screen rights to their works—and will be darned glad to get it. Any one can be altruistic in a speech; but I have seen few who can afford to stand by their principles when a certified check is waved temptingly before their eyes.

The fact of the matter is this:

The motion picture is just what its name implies—it is a *pictorial* medium of expression. It uses, or should use, pictures rather than words. It is not dependent on stories, or plots, or whatever you choose to call them. The camera-man who actually re-

cords the scenes is of greater importance than the author who furnishes the original idea.

This may sound like treason; in which case, you are at liberty to make the most of it.

THE greatest movies that have ever been made, and those that bear the clearest title to the term, "works of art," are those in which the story has been subordinated to the pictorial effect. There are the Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton comedies, for instance. Are we indebted to any members of the Authors' League for these compositions?

There is "Robin Hood," the manuscript of which was written by Douglas Fairbanks on one sheet of copy paper. There is "Nanook of the North," which had no story whatever. It was a real moving picture.

The great movie producers of the future will be men who will do their composing directly for the screen. They may borrow their initial ideas from literature, the drama, history or mythology, but they will express these ideas in their own way—not on paper, but on strips of perforated celluloid.

If authors want to take the trouble to learn the intricacies of movie technique, so that they can produce their own stories, they should be encouraged to do so. But as long as they write directly for the stage, or for the printed page, they have no right to complain at the mutilation of their works on the screen.

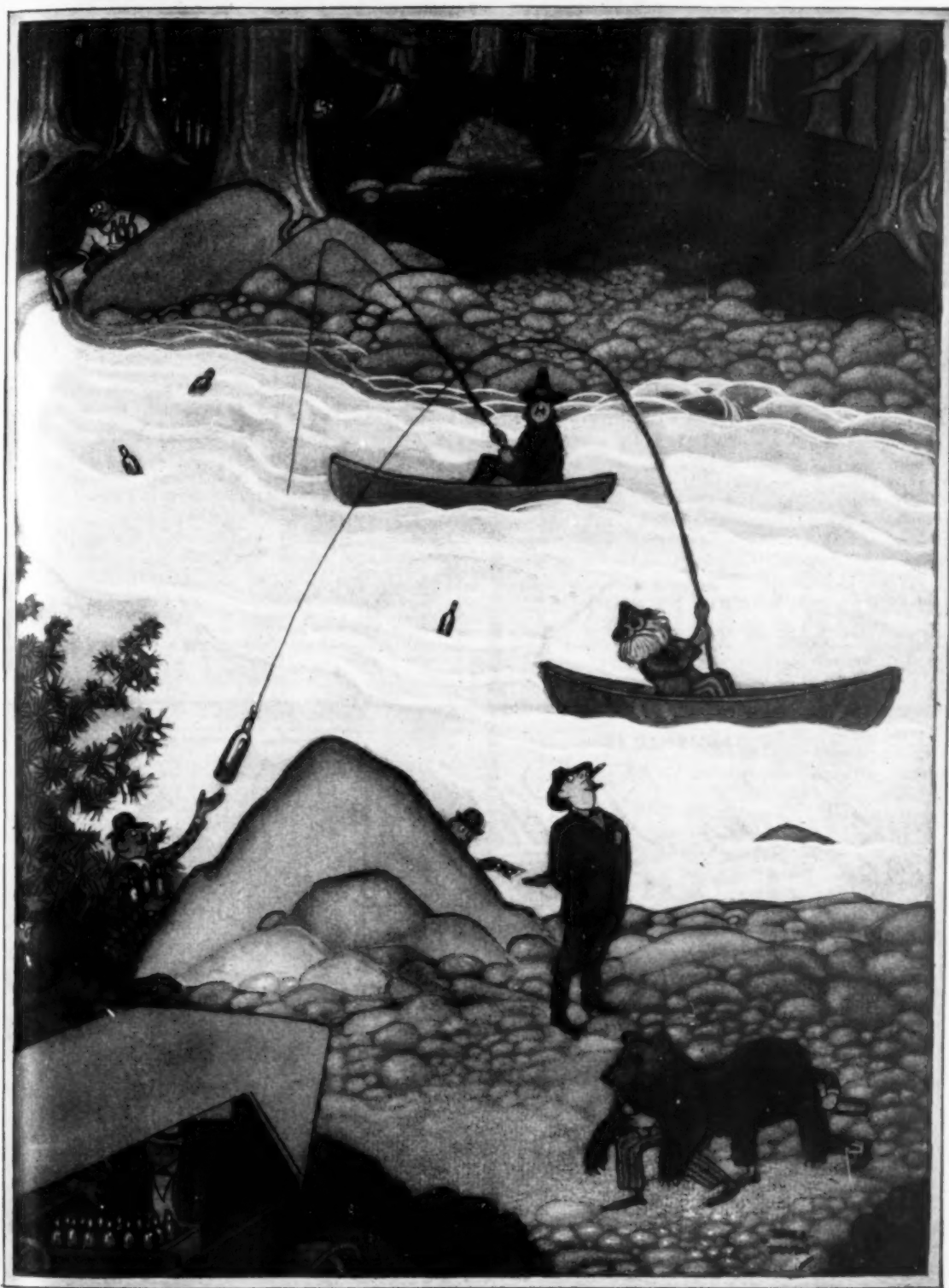
There is no law in any state compelling them to sell their stuff to the filmwrights of Hollywood or to anyone else who doesn't happen to meet their fancy.

Robert E. Sherwood.



"HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OVER?"

"I DUNNO—WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY ROLLER SKATES."



MUSKELLUNGE FISHING ON THE CANADIAN BORDER





## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### "Pansis"

oh dont you love the pansis  
ther drest in culors brite  
theve fases just like puses  
perhaps thae see at nite  
all the fairis dancing  
in the moonshine brite.

(Copyrite.) —D. S. (aged five), in  
London Morning Post.

### A Gentlewoman's Gentlewoman

LADY: Justine, did you tell the dress-  
maker that I wasn't home?

LADY'S MAID: I had her told,  
madame, that neither of us was home,  
as I owe her a little bill myself.

—Sans-Gêne (Paris).

### Godspeed

OLD LADY (seeing her niece off):  
Good by, Emily! God be with you till  
you get to Langa—after that you  
won't have to change trains.

—Klods-Hans (Copenhagen).



### GETTING DOWN TO ESSENTIALS

"MY WIFE WAS A MELBOURNE GIRL. WOT'S  
YOURS?"

"A LONG BEER."

—Bulletin (Sydney).

### Manners

He was a cab-driver of the old sort,  
called as a witness in an action for  
damages incurred in a street collision,  
and, ignoring the jury, he persisted in  
relating his version to the judge. Ul-  
timately the latter stopped him, and  
observed:

"Address yourself to the jury."

So turning awkwardly to the pew in  
which twelve tradesmen sat scowling,  
he smiled, nodded reassuringly, and re-  
marked:

"Mornin', gents; all well at 'ome, I  
'ope?"—Tit-Bits (London).

### A Real Event

"I have a mind to give you a whip-  
ping," exclaimed the exasperated  
father.

"Well, dad," replied the athletic  
youth, "maybe you can; but if you suc-  
ceed it will be some item for the sport  
page."—Boston Transcript.

### Ardent Youth

PROFESSOR: Clergymen and soldiers  
appeal most strongly to women.

'26: Would that I were an army  
chaplain!—Lehigh Burr.

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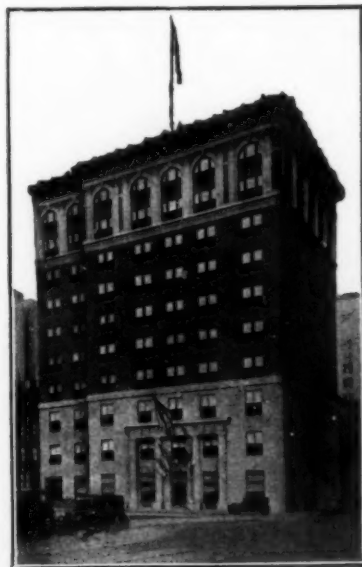
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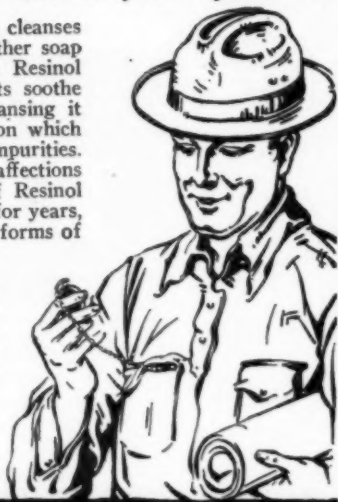
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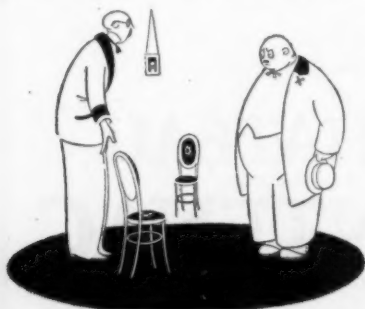
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### "An Accident"

A young man, springing into an overcrowded moving train, trod on the toes of an old gentleman in a corner seat. "I'm very sorry," he said.

OLD GENTLEMAN (hand behind ear): Eh?

YOUNG MAN (more loudly): I beg your pardon.

OLD GENTLEMAN: Eh-h-h?

YOUNG MAN (shouting): I trod on your foot. It was an accident—an accident.

OLD GENTLEMAN (catching last word only): An accident! You don't say so! Anybody hurt?—*Tit-Bits* (London).

### A Bank in Peril

Every business develops its own peculiar kind of humorous anecdotes.

In one of the banks the other day a girl clerk in the accounting department called a customer and said:

"I just wanted to inform you that your account is overdrawn eight cents."

There was a long pause and then an excited feminine voice inquired:

"Gosh! Do you have to have it this morning?"—*Youngstown Telegram*.

### Not Unlikely

POLICEMAN: When you pulled the attempted suicide out of the water, what happened?

RESCUER: I hadn't turned my back before he hanged himself to a tree.

"But why didn't you cut him down?"

"I thought he'd just hung himself up to dry!"—*Kasper* (Stockholm).

### The Sentimentalist

GIRL (to shy lover): You've hardly spoken a word all the evening, Sandy, and yet you write me such beautifully long letters.

SANDY: Aye. A'm just thinkin' what A'm going to put in ma next!

—*Humorist* (London).

### Most Desirable Places

She was only a little girl but for all that she was a much traveled young person. In reply to the question, "Where do you like best of all to really live?" she made answer: "In Rome, Paris, or Cheyenne!"

—*New York Sun and Globe*.

### A Rush Order

PUBLISHER: Can you turn out another book in three weeks?

SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR: Why so soon?

PUBLISHER: It will never do to let the public forget you.—*Cornell Widow*.

MARGARET ANGLIN opposes an Actors' Union. "Actors," she says, "are not bricklayers." That's right. One seldom hears an actor calling for more bricks.

—*Detroit News*.



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Dance me, perfesser, I craves music. Baby, baby—watch mah feet ... like rain on a tin roof. I'se a mechanical toy. Turn me round, music, march mah soul away. Come on, there, trombone, talk to me. Ah music, music ... I could kiss your hungry lips ... Good-bye, you all, I'se found mah baby. I'se got a vampire inside me runnin' fingers through mah soul. I'se got a black devil talkin' to me. ... "strut, you nigger, let your arms float. Break your legs. Come on, you black sheik, stiffen your shoulders, slap your knees ... let your feet run wild." ... I got a vampire in mah soul. Eeyah baby! heah I is, music, talkin' back to you. Dance me, perfesser, dance me. I'se a huntin' nigger ... I'se a rooster walkin' in the dawn ... I'se a zebra flirtin' with the moon ... I'se a Voodoo baby ridin' on a boa-snake. Heah I is. Take me, music. Come on, drums ... Hot damn! Watch me riot ... turn me loose, vampire. ...

—*Chicago Literary Times*.

"WHAT is banking?" asks Otto Kahn. Prudent!—*Detroit News*.

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(Continued on page 31)

## You know what Napoleon said about the last quarter of an hour!

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(Continued from page 29)

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## Mrs. Pep's Diary

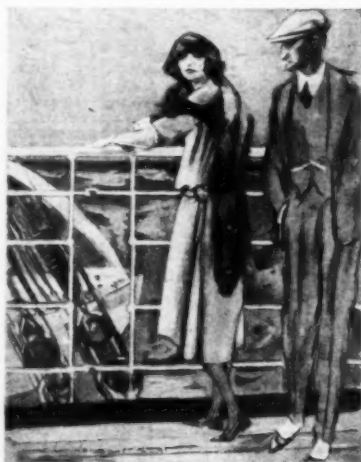
(Continued from page 8)

wave from my hair. Verily, all is vanity, as the man in the Bible said. . . . To a great luncheon at a Mrs. Dowden's, and a woman did address me in such a sophomoric strain that I was forced to tell her I had come to similar conclusions in my youth, whereupon she faced about completely and talked as anyone might, and I could but wonder if I really looked the fool for which she must have taken me. . . . Walking home through the park, greatly joyed with the beauty of it, and glad to be alive, and living in this age and this town, though I blush for seeing so little of the latter. For what can she know of Manhattan who circulates only among the shops, restaurants and theatres of a limited district? As soon as ever I can, I shall mount a sight-seeing wagon.

**June 24th** Sam a-singing, "O Day of Rest and Gladness!"

(*Lord's Day*) in his tub did remind me that this is likely to be anything but that, inasmuch as our Aunt Caroline was to come for luncheon. And she difficult, as is her wont, asking me what use I made of so many hats, why I did not go to church, if I did not spoil my maids with overpayment, until I grew more firmly convinced that I shall have well earned every cent of whatever she does leave Samuel in her will . . . . Eleven to supper, instead of the three we had bidden, but we spread the chicken on toast, and stretched the salad and asparagus, and got through it, how I know not. And so to bed, very weary, and thinking less highly of the loaves and fishes parable.

Baird Leonard.



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# IF WE REMEMBER CORRECTLY

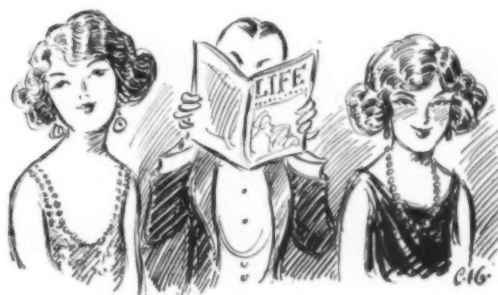
—and we do remember correctly—we have told you from time to time, and back again, various reasons why you should Obey That Impulse and subscribe to *LIFE*. Just to give you both sides of the argument, here are some of the reasons why you should not.

(1) **FIFI FURLINED**, while on dummy duty, snooped at the current issue of *LIFE* and reaped a crop of hysterics over a Percy Crosby drawing. Her laughter disconcerted her partner to the extent of a 400 set. As they were playing for 10 cents a point, Fifi remarked that it was rather a costly cachinnation. Her partner's remarks cannot be printed here.



(2) **BALBOA BLIMP**, en route to a house-party in the Adirondacks, Obeyed That Impulse on the train. He didn't miss a word of Benchley's criticisms, but as a result he did miss his station, his host's limousine, six cocktails and a ten-course dinner, and was forced to spend the night in a subnormal hotel in the next town, with nothing between him and starvation but a train sandwich.

(3) **PERCY PETERS** arrived at the theatre with time to spare, so he bought a copy of *LIFE* to while away the time until the 8:30 curtain rose promptly at a quarter to nine. It was so worth his while, and he became so interested in one of Gluyas Williams' series, that he missed the entire first act, and might easily have missed the plot if there had been one.



(4) Perhaps the saddest of all is the case of **GERALD JERROLD**, who, while sponging a meal with his fiancée's family, took the inopportune moment while her father was saying grace to suddenly recall a Sullivant hippopotamus he had seen in *LIFE*. Overpowered by this ill-timed mirth, and later by the butler and second man, he was forced to leave the table—and the house.

Of course, if you are one of those sturdy he-men or she-women, and are not afraid to take a chance, and have an extra dollar, there is always that Coupon in the Corner. But don't say we didn't warn you!

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